noticed his dog on a beautiful point near a corn stack about a hundred vards in front of us. The dog's body was on a half curve, his head twisted around opposite his hindquarters, and he looked powerful handsome.

"Come on Boise,' said I; 'let's see what he

livered up the articles, excepting that the feathebed sent was not live feathers. The giri inr
atructed her lawyer to replevin the live, feather
bed or to sue for the amount.

Mr. Vannetten, Mr. Deyo's lawyer, says that
Mr. Deyo is disnosed to let matters stand just
where they do now unless Sampson and the giri
are troublesome. If they force themselves upon
his notice he shall take certain measures. Mr.
Vannetten did not say precisely what those
measures would be, but he intimated that away
might be found to annul the marriage. The
girl, being under age, left the house in then light
time and somed this nearto. Then, as is alleged,
she binckened her face and deceived the clerarman who married them. These facts, with
others that Mr. Vannetten does not care to make
public just now, he believes would make a case
by which her adopted father and guardian
could secure an annulment of the marriage.

The girl, however, told her lawyer that, even
if they broke the marriage because she was under age, yet she would wait until she was of age
and then marry Sampson.

The Rev. Dr. Hurlburt, the aged elergyman
who married them, is greatly grisved. He
would never have married them had he sunposed they were not of the same race. He will
not say that the girl's face was blackened. They
came to his house and asked to be married. He
asked the usual questions, and supposed he
was marrying two colored people. It seems
almost impossible for the clergyman to have
been mistaken, unless her face was stained at
least, for, though her complexion is rather
dark, no one could ever even at a distance suppose her to be a mulatto. dopement and marriage of Miss Carrie Devo

A MAKER OF MERMATOS.

Bis Description of the Art-Sea Serpents of Any Length Made to Order. When Roome, the tax dermist, was living,

his sign, "Mermaids made and repaired," hung upon an old-fashioned house in Carmine street. Another sign in a window, flanked by a dissipated-looking pelican and a wide-mouthed alligator, informed the public that the dweller therein was a consulting naturalist, a scientific expert, and dealer in curiosities of all kinds. Mr. Roome was a little man with a glass eye, and a wonderful nose that seemed to be in mortal terror of the eye, and was doing its best to keep out of sight. "It was jammed way over to starboard," was the subsequent explanation. Animals of all kinds and qualities were inside. On a series of shelves were piled birds from all climes, sandwiched in with cats with hair on end, rattlesnakes colled ready to strike, monkeys grasping at imaginary limbs, and nucontaining several works on natural history; a work table, on which was laid out in much state a defunct monkey, and several chairs completed the furniture. The proprietor was overflowing with wit and humor. He was an old sailor, had lost an eye in the East, several fingers in Mobile Bay, and nearly parted with his head in Cuba. Finally after wandering all over the world, he opened a curiosity shop, and being himself a part and parcel of his stock,

and being himself a part and parcetof his stock, he succeeded well. To a reporter who called one day, he said:

"Yes, this is a queer sort of business. You might think, now, that a man would get gloomy working over these bodies, but it never seems to me as if they are dead. I soon have them alive again, leastwise as regards looks. Some of them old monkeys I wouldn't next with for love or money, they're must like part with for love or money; they're just like

looks. Some of them old monkers I wouldn't part with for love or money; they're just like old friends."

"Who buys such things?"

"Well, I have my regular customers. Ladies have a good deal done in the way of stuffing canaries and pet dors and cats, and they come in here sometimes weepin's oy you'd think it was a child. But it pays, as I make it a rule to charge accordin' to the grief, not to take advantage of 'em. When the grief is great they always bring photographs and want me to give the dog the wery look he had when slive, so you see a taxidermist has to be a sort of sculptor. If I hits it exactly they wery often insists on makin' me a present. Another class of customers is a few gentlemen who collect birds, and they don't want anything except it's new and rare. I have a good trade in birds' nests. A good many boys go in for that; but the best of the business, that is, the mest money, comes in from the show business, All they want is something startling, and they always pay for it: but trade ain't what it was twenty years ago. Here's an old order I had from a man in California, a sea serpent, to be 100 feet long. 4 feet in diameter at largest part, and to be in sections and have an authentic history. That was for a big side-show man. irom a man in California, a sea serpent, to be 100 feet ions, 4 feet in diameter at largest part, and to be in sections and have an authentic history. That was for a big side-show man, and, as the man's dead, I suppose he won't object to my giving it away. He didn't put notimit on me, so, as it was my first order. I thought I'd make my own reputation and his fortune at the same time, and I came pretty near doing it. At that time there was a big shark fishery on the Tybee River, so I sent down a piece of shark skin about a foot square and offered a cent apiece for all I could get of the same size, and as they threw the skins away. I soon got all I wanted. I made the frame out of wood, and covered it with eanyss, and then softened the shars' skins and put them on overlapping each other like scales; the jaws were modelled after an alligrator's, only ten times as big, and in them I put whales' teeth. The inside of the mouth was lined with fish skin and pulnted red, and when it was done you couldn't find a place that wasn't natural. The man gave me \$100 more than I naked and shipped it West. I made the jaws so they would lift, and be used to show it with a young girl a standing in its mouth. He fooled everybody and made lots of money. I once made a whise I was on the balloon principle. Every night they filled it with gas, and after the show drew it off; but one night when the show drew it off; but one night when the show drew it off; but one night when the show drew it off; but one night when the show drew it off; but one night when the shower was explaining It, the people "What can they do?" Sampson answered.
"I married her. They can't arrest me for that I have never done any wrong. She was willing, and so was I. They can't separate us in that as many wrong. They can't separate us in that as made lots of money. I once made a whate, and officer here; I'll go right to Kingston and give myself up."

Just then there came from the schoolhouse a lot of negro women, and with them one white girl. She was trying to soothe a negro child that was crying, and she paced up and down the plot hushing the child by singring to it and swaying it in her arms. Suidenly her cycle on me, and the expression that came over her on me, and the expression that came over her or me, and the expression that came over her form me, and the expression that came over her form me, and the expression that came over her form the first on the floor. A rival circus man in the corillas fifteen feet high for a South Carolina. flat on the floor. A rival circus man in the town had hired some one to cut it. I made gorillas fifteen feet high for a South Carolina showman. It took six black bear skins to make each one, and they had alligator teeth and real man-skin faces, taken from bodies by a young student friend of mine. He put me up to the dodge. When the gorillas were exhibited a scientific professor said one night before a crowd that he didn't believe they were gorillas, and that the faces showed that they were nothing but leather. The showman offered to bethim \$100 they were, and asked him if he could tall the difference between common leather and the skin of an animal next to man. He said he could, and the showman offered to let three doctors examine it. They went to work with microscopes, and found that the pores were almost exactly like those of a man, and that settled it in the minds of the people. Of course the showmen know what they were, and I got a good many orders on them at \$200 anisee; but there ain't any demand for them now. You can't fool the people with old things."

"I see you have a sign outside relating to mermaids?"

"Yes: I sell one once in a while, and have cordinas fifteen feet high for a South Carolina showman. It took six black bear skins to make each one, and they shad alligator teeth and read man-skin faces, taken from bodies by a young student friend of mine. He put me up to the dodge, When the gorilias were exhibited a scientific professor said one night before a crowd that he didn't believe they were gorilins, and that the faces showed that they were nothing but leather. The showman offered to behind flut they were and asked him if the could the skin of an animal next to man. He said he could, and the showman offered to let three doctors examine it. They went to work with microscopes, and found that the pores were almost exactly like those of a man, and that settled it in the minds of the people. Of course the showmen flow what they were and frot a good many orders on them at 200 apiece; but there aim to any orders on them at 200 apiece; but there aim to any orders on them at 200 apiece; but there aim to any orders on them at 200 apiece; but there aim to make one and have it so as to stand close oxamination, and then the pedicine costs nearly had. Feople than were more particular to have here shed pat that. It takes aimset a lifetime to make one and have it so as to stand close oxamination, and then the pedicine costs nearly had. Feople than were more particular to have here swell braced up. Now here's one, have here they had. Feople that will be people went to. I made this myself, on an order, for \$1,000, but it was never taken, because the man dued to be fore it was done. He wanted it perfect, so that they went and continue and the swell braced up. Now here's one hade here will be a subject to the people and the swell braced up. The more subject to the people

sought after.

Mr. William Thoms is one of the most successful flahermen in Staten Island waters. Re is said to have once caught a sturgeon, and he frequently captures flounders. At the close of the fishing season he is, like one of his own finny victims, out of water, and when, last Friday, it was proposed to him to go out for a day's shooting, he did not treat the proposal with the contempt which earlier in the year he would have thought it merited. The gentle man who offered to guide Mr. Thoms to the place where game was plentiful had once been somewhat of a sufferer by the great fisherman's love for practical joking. He and Mr. Thoms had rowed one Sunday morning to a hulk not far from the railroad landing, and here the gentleman, entirely engrossed in vainly waiting for a bite, failed to notice that his companion had gone away and left him alone. He had to remain all night, and in the morning paid a tugboat captain \$8 to take him off. But the gentleman had entirely forgotten this little oc currence, or, at least, Mr. Thoms believed so and last Saturday they both buried themselves in the woods in search of game. Mr. Thome

MR. THOMS'S DAY'S SHOOTING.

RECALLING A PRACTICAL JOKE HE

HAD PLAYED UPON A FRIEND.

How he Found Out what Kind of Bucks h

had Shot.-The Surprising Enterprise of Restaurant Euspers.-The Cost of Game.

Staten Island is the paradise of deep-ses

fishermen in the summer and early autumn but as winter approaches a different class of

sportsmen seek its shores and penetrate its

woods. The season of angling has passed, but the time for the gunner to test his skill has ar-

rived. All the laws protecting game are a dead

letter for at least three months, and every day

the woods resound with the reports of the

sportsmen's guns. The game that most fre-

quently brings a New York sportsman's gus to his shoulder in Staten Island is said to be

called "domestique fowl," often miscalled the

"spreng shicken," which is quite common of

the island. Ducks and geese are also much

in the woods in search of game. Mr. Thoms had borrowed a pointer from a friend in New York, and, armed with a breechloader like the one carried by his friend, he marched forward with confidence. Presently the dog pointed and both sportsmen came to a standstill.

"Shoo," said Mr. Thoms's friend, softly.

"Hush, sho," said Mr. Thoms a little louder but the game revised to rise. Them Mr. Thoms threw a stone into the grass, and up started a small pig, and ran, grunting pleasantly, away Mr. Thoms fired and missed, and the dog gave him a look of canine contemut that made big feel very uncomfortable. In a few minutes the sagacous dog again came to the point, and Mr. Thoms again raised his gun to his shoulder, but kept one eye fixed furtively on the dog.

"Ha.go," cried his friend, and a beautiful bird with a red comb, a long tail, sharp spurs and varied and brilliant colors run into view.

Eing' went Mr. Thoms's gun, but the bird did not falter, and the dog, without wasting another glance upon the unsuccessful sportsman, turned and started for nome. But the dog had ovidently lorsoften that there was another barrel still loaded, and before he had pit a hundred years heres if and Wr. Thoms. evidently forzotten that there was another barrel still loaded, and before he had put a hundred yards between himself and Mr. Thoms, a
charge of half spent lend rattling against his
hind quarters taught him that the worst sho
may hit his mark occasionally. The dog abandened his intention of going home, and during
the remainder of the day followed the sportsmen, but took no part in the amusement.
"How are you off for woolcock on the
feland?" asked Mr. Thoms, rubbing his ship,
which he had use ranged against a fallen tree. "How are you off for weedenck on the island?" asked Mr. Thoms, rubbing his ship, which he had just rapped saginst a fallen tree.

"Well, they are not abundant," said his friend. There were three between here and Tottenville when the season opened. Mrs. Sampson's cat killed one; a boy from Perth Amboy snared another and made a pet of it, and the third seems to have emigrated."

"Isaw Staten Island woodcock on toast posted up on a card in a New York restaurant yesterday, said Mr. Thoms, doubtfully.

"Ah" exclaimed his friend, 'that accounts for the missing one. He must have been slaughtered by some of those fellows that hunfor the city restaurants. Wonderful chaps those New York enterers are! Sick at no expense, Why, only last season the captain of a merchant vessel brought out five English black soles trare and delicate fish, rouk how), and liberated them off Sandy Hook. That alternoon I saw a placard hanging in the window of a New York restaurant with the notice, English black soles 25 cents a plate. The proprietor must have sent out and had them caught three hours after they had been placed in the water. Astonishing, isn't it?"

"Have you any partridges?" asked Mr.

Wall, I should say I had. They re on The Gragan's due's, that's what they are. Here. Tim calling to a man in an adjoining room), a man's been and shot three of your ducks." Old Tim Grogan had very definite ideas of Old Tim Grogen had very defluite ideas of the value of boultry at this time of the year, and it cost Mr. Thomas \$5 to settle with him. Mr. Thomas met his friend at the landing.

"I don't erre much for shooting," he said carelessly. "It's not to be compared with fishing. You're so and to shoot tame ducks when you want wid ones."

"Wet I don't know," said his friend, "When you go fishing you're so and to be cast away on a bulk, and made to pay \$8 for your passage home in a turbeat, don't you know?"

Preferring Raggles. From the Button Commercial Bulletta.

A well-known lady artist, resident in Rome

die Herther steinlier en dar was the status of Berther stein service at a country woman. The second a country woman the second a set of the second a second woman introduced berther a Rangies of St. Louis Mo. and then saled the questions.

to thereis of at Louis, Moreover, the work and the best form to their decisions of the work and the construct there and the construct and the construction of the second of the world the construction of the constructi

frame " exclaimed Mes Blories of surface Readsker, and other hands a mine taking a last and exclusive the base hand by the base Raggles, and a comparable to the base hands and a complete the base hands a complete the base hands a complete the base hands and the base hands a complete the base hands a com

A New Test for Triching.

transmit of problems, that develop the bright learning to the problems of the control of the bright learning to the control of the bright learning to the control of the bright learning to the bright l

THEY WHO LETTER ON ROCKS. don Daily News. I made the letters so that they just filled the 300 feet. I had a regular FALL SPORTS IN VIRGINIA. mos around all the time to see me work, and an extra policeman had to be detailed to keep the crowd moving. On the other half of the feace I

THE CONFESSIONS OF PROMINENT DES. put my own signa."

"Have you ever made a larger sign?"

"Yes. In Hobbaen I painted one 450 feet long. That is the biggest sign I know of. How do I space for my latters? With my eye, always. In the big London sign I did take, stick, put a nail in the end, and scratch off the spaces, because I wanted to show the English how good a job a Yankee could do; but usually I can tell at a giance just how large to make the letters for any given space.

"My plan of working? Simply this: I lay out a route for the year, beginning say in May out a route for the year, beginning say in May in Connecticut, and, following the lines of rail-ECRATORS OF NATURE. From Which Some Light May be Gained as to who was the First Vagrant Knight of the Paint Pot-How Penalties are Evaded Au Island and a Rollway Station - 3 tracktog a Carrison with One Bottle and Cap-Nouris every reader of THE SUN sees

the rister For-How Penalties are Evedent.

As Italian and Maltings Assistance—Attended and Maltings Assistance—Attended for the United Theory Product of This SUX secondary to clearly in the Control of the Control of

was at the last regatta. I was busy painting away at some rocks along the lake shore, when up marched a constable, tapped me on the shoulder, and asked me if I didn't know that I was violating a State ordinance in painting those rocks. I had finished three, and there were more nice ones that I wanted to ornament. So I looked innocent and didn't know anything about any law. The constable said that he was going to arrest me. I tried to beg off, but it was no go. That constable was bound to do his duty, and he started me for Gien's Falls. But on the way we had several drinks, and by the time we reached the village he was in good humor and sympathetic. I pictured to him my innocence of wrong intention, and told him that if the Judge would only let me off I'd go back and paint out the signs, and grain the rocks so that they'd look more than natural. The good fellow was so touched that he did appeal to the Judge, who let me off with baying \$1.75 costs, and then the constable took me in his wagon and drove me back, and I painted out my signs. That was the only time I sver was arrested. It would have cost me \$150 if they'd pressed the law. The penalty is \$50 for each offence.

"I had to keep pretty close up in New Hampshire a while ago," continued Mr. Wise. "I started to decorate the White Mountains along the line of the Boston Convert, Montreal and White Mountains Rairroad with Sezodont. I old the proprietor that if they caught me they'd painted out my signs. That was the only time I ever was arrested. It would have cost me \$150 if they'd pressed the law. The penalty is \$50 for each offence.

"I had to keep pretty close up in New Hampshire a while ago," continued Mr. Wise. "I started to decorate the White Mountains along the line of the Boston, Convord, Montreal and White Mountains Railroad with Sozodom. I told the proprietor that if they caught me they'd fine me \$50 for each name, and that he must see me through. "Go ahead," he said; 'il you're arrested I'll pay the fines. Better give me the money, 'said I." and I'll pay my own fines, and then I won't iose any time in jail." So I started. I southwest, and his experiences on these trips were varied and often interesting. Mr. Bradbury is more of an artist than any of the said that adorn many drug stores and call the was formerly seen on many dead walls in this city. There is no more popular man in the business than Mr. Bradbury. He is me \$50 for each name, and that he must see me through. "Go ahead," he said; 'il you're money, 'said I." and I'll pay my own fines, and then I won't iose any time in jail." So I started. I see trips were varied and often interesting. Mr. Bradbury is more of an artist than any of the successive shots. The Washington party took with them five steers. Two were of the famous lawrack besters. Two were of the canous lawrack stock, bred by a noted western breeder, who should some of the choicest English stock in their way. So is the great picture of a century of the deposition of the country. They were litter brothers and that he must see me the mine the properietor in the country. They be steen, were of the famous lawrack stock, bred by a noted western breeder, who should some of the choicest English stock in the country. They were litter brothers and that he must see in the great picture of a century of the famous lawrack stock, bred by a noted western breeder, who should some of the choices in the country. The bus bloods oversnadowed them in the business than Mr. Bradbu

and withal very energetic.

His partner C. S. Houghtaling, is a specimen brick of considerable richness. He says:

Brad and I formed a partnership, opened an office in Fulton street in 1872, and today we do nearly all the work that is done. You'd be surprised at the work we have done during the season of 78 and 80. One tobacco firm pays us \$40,000, and another \$27,000 for the year's work. Our contracts for the season amount to \$200,000. I'm giving you these figures Irom our books, and will swent to 'em. To do this amount of sign painting we use forty tons of white lead, 200 barrels of linseed oil, 200 barrels of turpentine. 2,000 pounds of lampblack, and 1,000 pounds of various other colors. These materials cover a surface of 2,000,000 square feet of sign painting in over 800 of the principal cities and towns in the United States and Canadas. We have employed thirty expert highway artists, who have travelied over 800,000 miles. Thirty-one thousand dollars have been paid for the erection of builetin boards and for the retail of prominent advertising privileges. The signs will stand for an average of three years. There are figures for you, and figures won't lie. It aid to had showing for a business that started on a capital of one paint pot and brush, is it?

Incidents? continued Mr. Houghtaling, with vivacity. Tabouid say so, A man can't travel as we do and in our business without having adventures. At Lookout Mountain I was up on the top just for the fun of the thing, and, looking down, saws afine flat rock down by Craven's Halfway House. It was a beautiful place to paint a sign, and I made tracks for it, and soon was hard at work painting an advertisement of a Bitters. When nearly through I heard a 'ping,' and something struck the rock. I pain not a ping,' and something an advertisement of a bitters. When nearly through I heard a 'ping,' and something are not the halfway House, and thory and how the promotion and the photographic and he naturally objected to my decorating it. After that every photograph that h conto town. I just rested till dark, then went to the hotel stable and said to one of the hands: Look here, can't you fellows let me bunk in with you? I'm all paint, and it won't look well for me to go to the table. I'd just as help my you as anybody, and I handed him a \$2 bill. That made it all right. Late with the hostlers, slept in the barn, had an early breakfast with them, and was out on the road again. In this way I put 200 pounds of lead on the White Mountains and decorated them so thoroughly that, had I shown my face. I'd have been arrested soon enough. I had a warm time one day nerr Annapolis. I found a low house, built against the gable end of a barn, and got on the house to paint Tutt's Fills' on the barn. I was working away nicely on the 'P.' when the farmer saw me and ordered me away. I tried to reason with him, but he wasn't open to conviction. I had to go; but I hadn't gone far when I thought what a piv it was that the sign wasn't finished, and then I concluded to go back and finish it. I was working away on the last 'L.' when the farmer saw me again. He insisted upon my getting right down. I paid no attention to him, finished tha 'L, and began on the S as if there was no one within a thousand miles. Oh, you won't stop, won't you? 'gelled the farmer. Well, well see, and he rushed into the little house on which I stood and began thumping around at a great rate. What's he up to?' thought I and I began to shade the 'S.' I soon found out, for just then b-z-z-z, bees spotted me in the left car, and another jubbed me in the cheek, and before I knew it aliest and lit out in double quick time. 'I thought I'd stop ye, yelled the farmer after me. 'Under the washed up the inmates, and that fetched me. I had hard work to get rid of the bees, and he waked up the inmates, and that fetched me. I had hard work to get rid of the bees, and he waked up the inmates, and that farmer on to keep the swelling down."

"How ashort and pseudiar. I went over three wilters and be was so struck with the success of high was fi

Isent twenty-five pounds of lead shead to each town. When I got to the depot it was waiting for me. Then I went out and put it all on the recks that were any way conspicuous. The first day I got through before dark; but I didn't go into town. I just rested till dark, then went to the hotel stable and said to one of the hands: Look here, can't you fellows let me bunk in with you? I'm all paint, and it won't look well for me to go to the table. I'd just said to pay you as anybody,' and I

locks. I went to the Superintendent and showed him what a good thing it would be to paint the sweeps they are the big arms by which the gates of the locks are opened and shull; that if now were related they would last longer, and so after a me trouble I got permission to do this. In Highton I got the gable end of some drug stores, but I had to be shrewed in order toget the mission. The English are slow to see a new termission. The English are slow to see a new termission. The supering didn't suit leave the store as it was if the sign didn't suit leave the store as it was if the sign didn't suit before I could get permission. I did to be big piece of work in Landon. I saw one on marths Charing Cross doubt a big, seven to the near froat of a building that was being that down to make way for a new one. The

special grade in the service and promoted the corporal to it.

That piece of artistic enterprise," continued Mr. Houghtaling, "made considerable comment. Charleston was entirely pleased with it; but there was a regular row when it was asceriained that I had put the same horse iniment sai on the high brick wall all around the Magnolia Cemetery."

"Is the business growing still, or have you covered all the eligible places?"

"Bless you, no. The business is better every year. Every new railroad opens up here sites. We are making places where there are none. See the hundreds of feet of builetin boards wherever a train stons on any of the roads near New York. It is getting to be a business in itself to locate the boards. Fatent medicines.

The Taxed Elevated Railroad.

tense in front of a building that was being i down to make way for a new one. The in charge told me that the Landon Daily is was going to bill the fence; so I rushed and to South Hampton Row, saw hards, and told him that he must hat fence or part of it. We went to Vers people and argued with them. We went them what it would cost them to keep the tense billed for the three months that it do be un and finally offered to pant their one half if they give us the other half. Field, Dorsholmer, Bacon & Devo, the law-vers for the New York Elevated Railroad Company, were in commission with the officers of the company year favour they have of yet decided on the course they will pursue in relation to the decimon just rendered the the Court of Appeals that the company must say takes on its road foundation and superstructure as real casts, and also pay to the sixty was per costs of its met locates.

INCIDENTS IN A DAT'S SHOOTING ON THE ESTATE OF LORD FAIRFAX.

Old Virginia Hospitality-Memotre of Lord

Fairfax-Out in the Stubble Fields-Quali Shooting and its Pleasures-Curs Superior to Thoroughbred Lavarack Setters. WASHINGTON, Nov. 12 -- Greenway Court, the ancient estate of Lord Fairfax, was tocated a century ago about three miles from the village of White Post, Clarke County, Va. His the State of Virginia. After the Revolution the Commonwealth confiscated the greater part of the beautiful territory which had been given to his ancestors by King George. The State allowed Fairfax to retain his home and 1,200 acres of ground known as Greenway Court. He was fighting in the courts for the restoration of his vast estates at the time of his death.

White Post is not a flourishing village. It fncludes one or two country stores, a blacksmith shop, a shoemaker's shop, and an Episcopal church. The railroad from Hagerstown, Md., to Luray passes through the Post, and at train time the village has an air of temporary activity quite out of place with its general surroundings. A large white post, resembling the box of an old-fashioned pump, stands in the heart of the village. In the olden time a sign was attached to this post, bearing the words:

THIS MARKS THE WAY TO GREENWAY COURT.

The post now stands without a mark to indicate its object. The unacquainted traveller to Greenway Court must stop at haif a dozen farm houses on the way to get his bearings.

A visit to Greenway Court will hardly repay antiquarians. Nothing is left of the old court but a stone office, where Washington kept the records of his surveys and Lord Fairfax received his rentals from his tenants. The low wooden building in which his lordship resided was torn down many years age. A comfortable farm house, built and occupied by Mr. Joseph Kennerly, occupies its site. The old poplar and locust trees which adorned the lawn in front of Lord Fairfax's house are still standing. The beautiful sward of English blue grass is as bright and fresh in the spring time as when the noble Englishman first planted it. Lord Fairfax could never boast of as fine barns and

Fairfax could never boast of as fine barns and outbuildings as Mr. Kennerly, and his lordship would be compelled, if now alive, to admit that Greenway Court to-day is far superior to what it was in 1780.

The Kennerly family derive their title direct from Lord Fairfax. He bequeathed Greenway Court with all its appurtenances to a faithful friend, Col. Martin. The Colonel, like his lordship, was a bachelor, and when he died willed the property to his housek-sper, the grandmother of the Kennerly brothers. They are not own the entire 1.200 ares, although Joseph, William, and Frank Kennerly (William's son), each has an extensive farm on what was formerly the old estate.

The Kennerlys have a few relies of Lord Fairfax. Nearly all of the tinte was taken by the executors of Col. Martin's will, Many articles were sold or given away. Half a dozen ancient mahogany frame chairs with haircioth seats remain in Mr. Wm. Kennerly's parlor. They once belonged to the lord of Greenway Court. The old bell brought from England by Lord Fairfax, which aroused the neighbors when unfriendly Indians visited the valley, has been purchased by Col. Boise, Vice-Fresident of the new valley railroad. It hangs over the boiler of the handsome locomotive Fairfax. Its slivery tones warn hogs, sheep, and cattle from the track. Col. Boise gave \$100 for this beil, and thinks he made a good bargaria.

We visited Greenway Court as the guest of Mr. William Kennerly to enjoy the pleasures of the opening of the quali-shooting season. The Virginians all call quali partridges. They certainly have the right to call the qual anything they please, as this aprightly game bird is known in the ornithological calendar as Ortiz virginianus. Two friends of Mr. Kennerly accompanied me from Washinuton. Mr. Kennerly is well known in the Shenandoah Valley. He carries three-score years, and though very stout, retains his activity. A quarter of a century ago he was noted as one of the best wing shots in Virginia. Major Alexander Baker and Dr. Faunterey were his rivals. The stories this ancient trio can tell of field sports would fill a volume. Kennerly insists that Baker was the better shot of the trio, and Baker returns the compliment. Frank Forrester once proposed a manch with Baker for the championship of Virginia. Kennerly undertook the negotiations. After a long correspondence the match fell through, Forrester, as Kennerly claims, wanting too many allowances. "Old Bill," as he is familiarly known, has not yet lost his cunning in the field. He left the house one morning last week, shot pouch, powder flask, and game bag slung across his shoulders, his old muzzle-loader in hand, and in five hours bagged thirteen birds. Nine were killed in successive shots.

We arcse at daybreak and shiveringly donned our shooting jackets. It was a periect fall day. To the south the rugged outlines of Massamutten Mountain were plainly visible. Ablue hazehung over the Biue Ritige, and the summits of the North Mountain were seen over the tops of the intervening hills. Alternate patches of stubble, cornfields, and woodland adorned the nearer landscape, and the oder of fried ham, eggs, and concake drew us toward the dining hall. The dogs were sparely fed. About 8 A. M. we mounted our horses and started for the fields. The dogs dashed before the horses, heads well up, quartering right and left, a great deal more easier to hunt than they were after a three or four hours' gallop among the stubble and briers. The first covey of birds was found within 500 yards of the house. One of the

quartering right and left, a great deal mora cazer to hunt than they were after a three or four hours' gallop among the stubble and briers. The first cover of birds was found within 350 yards of the house. One of the thoroughbred Lavarack setters dashed into them full-tilt, and they scattered in every direction. The brute evidency had no idea of setting or standing, and tore after the largest bird in the covey. The birds arose out of gunshot. While cursing the dog the hunters strained their eyes to mark them down. The native setters looked anxiously at the departing birds and reproachfully at the animal who had flushed their eyes to mark them down. The native setters looked anxiously at the departing birds and reproachfully at the animal who had flushed them. The hunters dismounted, and the offending dog was called is and punished.

I had my eye on a small clump of bushes bear which three of the birds sattled, and called in an old dog and started for the spot. I felt that the eyes of three good shots were upon me, and, having hitherto maintained a dignified reserve as to my marksmanship in a manner calculated to create a good impression, hoped that I would not fluke entirely. On nearing the briers I sent the old setter out, and anxiously awaited developments. Judge knew his business. He cantered steadily forward, head high in the air, with dilated nostrils. The ground was dry, and left little scent. The dog passed the spot where his master was sure that the birds were lying, and showed no indications of their presence. Suddenty, while cantering at a good pace, he stopped as though paralyzed. His head was thrown forward, and one paw was lifted in the air. The bushy tall, which had been busily wagging to and fro while the dog was moving, was now as rigid as his body. Judge had found the birds. Approaching him from the right was a big native setter. Sam, belonging to Mr. Frank Konneriy. A fear that Sam would flush the birds crossed my mind. The injustive of the supposition was quickly apparent. Sam had seen Judge

firm hand, and brought the fluttering quait to bag.

"Fine sport, ain't it?" I observed.

"Esgant!" replied the old man.

"Fine stand Judge made?" I suggested.

"Yes, it was," said Kennerly, "I saw a handsomer one, though, about two years ago," he continued. "Col. Boise had a magnificent Gordon setter—a great, big, fine-looking fellow—a regular bench show dog. Holse's setter was the stanchest dog in the field that I ever saw. When he stood anything you couldn't move the dog out of his tracks with a load of shot. He was all the time standing something. He would stand a leaf, a stump, a sparrow, another dog—anything, in fact, that he took a fancy to. The Colonel thought he was the best dog in the county. I knew he couldn't be depended upon.

has got."

Bold on, Bill, exclaimed Bolse. Don't be in such a devilish hurry. Look at that dog. Did you ever see snything so handsome. Just look at him. Mark that position. If Landseer was alive he would give \$1,000 to see that dog "Well, said I, when Boise had blowed off, 'let's go and see if he is standing birds or a 'let's go and see if he is standing birds or a rabbit.

"Standing a rabbit!" exclaimed Boles indignantly. That dog has found birds. I'm surprised that an old shot like you can't tell when a setter is on birds. Look again at that dog. Stanch as a dwe. I tell you, Bill, that is a thoroughbred. No rabbits there. I swear it is a pity to flush the covey. I could stand here and admire that dog by the hour.

"I was after partridges," continued Kennerly, "and not watching dogs, and I told Boise to go up and take his shot. He moved forward to the dog's side, and again stopped to admire his graceful position. The Colone then stepped to the corn stack. He kicked around in the stubble, but no birds arose. The dog did not break point. It was rather exciting. I believed he must be standing game, and I went forward to hunt for it. After puttering around in the weeds for some time I shock the corn stack, and out jumped a little meadow mouse about as long as your finger. The setter raised his head in an inquiring way, as though wonderles. about as long as your flager. The setter raised his head in an inquiring way, as though wondering why we did not shoot, and Boise gave him a kick which sent him half a dozen yards, and lamed the Colonel's leg so that he could shoot no more on that day. I've been hunting with him since, but he doesn't stop now to admire the stands."

The correspondent inferred a moral from the old man's tale, and we moved on. The frequent reports of our friends' guns showed that they had found birds. The shooting was kept up on different covery until afternoon, when we returned home. Fifty-seven birds were bagged. After dinner Kennerly kept the party roaring for several hours with his comical stories, and it was late when we retired to recoup for the next day's sport.

BUSY THOUGH BLIND.

A Manufacturer who Builds Steam Launches

and yet can only do so by Feeling. BRISTOL, R. I., Nov. 12 .-- About the time that the description of the ascent of Mount Blane by a blind man was published some weeks ago, there was another blind man doing something equally remarkable in Washington. He had gone to Washington to see the Secretary of the Navy, and his purpose was to sell the Government some steam launches, and launches that he had made. This man is Mr. Herreshoff, the President of the Herreshoff Manufacturing Company of this place, a man of the most unbounded energy, and of busy brain, that seems always to be teeming with sugges-tions that he has no difficulty in putting into practical shape, if such suggestions seem feasibie. Mr. Herreshoff has been blind many years. There seems to be a hereditary disease of the eyes, as his brothers and sisters are also blind, all having been afflicted by some incurable disease that began to destroy sight when they were about ten years old. The loss of sight has made none of them helpless, but President Herreshoff has shown by a most remarkable life how far by a most "remarkable life how far another of the senses can be made to take the place of sight. When but a lad, and after he had become totally blind, he built a sailboat that was regarded as a murvel of beauty, as she was of speed. His bent of mind was altogether in the way of mechanics, and especially directed toward the construction of something that floated. By constant practice he has, as he expresses it, learned to see with his hands, not quite so quickly, but he believes as perfectly, as he could with his eyes, and this means a great deal more than it does in the case of the ordinary blind man, for by a touch Mr. Herreshoff can tell whether the graceful double curves of a deal more than it does in the case of the ordinary blind man, for by a touch Mr. Herreshoft can tell whether the graceful double curves of a boat bottom are each in correct proportion with the other, and then by a rapid sweep of his hands over all he can instantly judge of the synametry and perfectiness of the whole. Even more than this, Mr. Herreshoff will give minute directions to the carpenters and mechanics who make the s-parate pieces, and then running his fingers along the piece of work they have turned out, will quickly detect the slightest deviation from the instructions he has given. If at all impatient, he will seize the plane or tool and do the work himself. Many years ago Mr. Herreshoff formed a company here for the purpose of building small steam vessels, and he has been since then not only the President, but the actual superintendent of it. Many of his steam vessels have been sold to Governments in various parts of the world. Not one now floats which he has not planned, directed in building, seen the construction through his hands, and it is said that not one has ever been launched from his works which has not proved satisfactory in every respect.

You may step down to his yard, and the chances are that you will see a middle-aged gentleman passing along, in and out, as a man with his eyes wide open might, and only the lightning-like movement of his hands over the launches and boats would strike you as a singular movement. Mr. Herreshoff is too busy a man to give much thought to the psychologic principle involved. In fact, he says he thinks no more about the response of thought or mind to the sense of touch than those of us who see do. Of late Mr. Herreshoff attention has been turned to torpedo boats, and he has constructed some that have received favorable attention from foreign governments.

Some time agolt occurred to this mind, whose communication with the world is curtailed to four senses, that it would be a good thing to build a steam launch which could cover twenty miles as hour, in which st

the deed of a steamship, or even of a snip. Then there occurred to him the necessity of having tonnage enough not only to carry passengers but also coal and food enough for a long run. With almost restless energy he went to work. He planned every detail, and personally superintended the execution of it. The result is a number of such steam launches. He says they cannot sink, that they can be made ready for service in ten minutes, and will carry coal enough to run 500 miles, and now the Government will probably buy two or three of them. During the construction of the first launch Mr. Herreshoff was a little in doubt about some detail, and went to the navy pard in Washington. Here he spent an hour or two in feeling of the steam hunches there. That was long enough to solve the difficulty, for he returned directly home and remedied the defect.

Mr. Herreshoff is now reputed to be wealthy, all the product of his own energy, but his busy brain keeps him hard at work all the time.

A TRIAL FOR DUELLING.

How the Last One Held in South Carolina

Resulted-Cash's Escape without Trial. COLUMBIA, S. C., Nov. 12.—The proceedings in the case of E. B. C. Cash, who killed W. Shannon in a duel on the 5th of July, recall a trial with a similar origin which took place in Charleston in 1867. That duel, which took place on the 19th of June of that year, resuited in the death of one of the parties. Elward Rows. The survivor, Theo. G. Boag, and the seconds of both men were tried on a charge of murder. The city and State at that time were partially under martial law, although the courts were allowed to proceed under certain restrictions. The principals were Major Theo. G. Bong, who is at present a deputy sheriff of the county of Charleston, and a man named Edward Bowe. The cause of the duel was never exactly made public, although it was generally exactly made public, although it was generally believed to have been provoked by Rowe. The pince of meeting was at Hatche's farm, now known as Hiternian Park, a delightful oak grove about four mises from the city. Juo, Clancey acted as second for Major Bong, and J. T. McDowell as second for Eiw. Rowe. The evidence of the State's witnesses on the trial showed that Clancey endeavorset to effect a settlement. Rowe was too beligerently drunk to listen to reason, and after an hour or two spent in endeavors to effect an hourorable two spent in endeavors to effect an honorable peace the men wore placed. Rowe declared that he came out for a fight and would have it, but requested his adversary not to shoot him in the back. The two men were ten paces apart, and at the first fire lower fell dead. Bong immediately came to the city and surrendered himself to the military authorities, by whom he was turned over to the custody of the evil officers. A jury of inquest was held, and a verticit of houselde returned against Theo. G. Bong, his second, Jone Ganeey, and J. T. McDowell, Rowers second. The Grand Jury at once indicted them for murder, and the case came up for trial on the 25th of Jane in the sameyear. The trial occupied two days, and was witnessed by thousands. The defendants offered no testimony, retying solely upon that produced by the State. The jury, after an absence of about a half hour, rendered a verdict

> From the Youth's Companion. Pip, pop, Hip, hop, Tip, top, Pop corn!

Bursting and bouncing ligher and higher.

Out of the pan,

White as new snow, Yellow as gold, You'd better be patiens Till it is cold.

caused have by no means subsided, either in Gardner, where she lived, or in Marbleton, where she now lives, or in Kingston, where she and hernegro husband did some shopping on Monday last. The story was told in THE Sun of Wednesday last, and it was then intimated that legal complications might arise. But there seems to be more serious trouble in store for this couple even than legal proceedings. On no less authority than one of the counsel, it is asserted that Miss Deyo's (now Mrs. Sampson) brother has said that he will shoot both her husband and herself on sight. It seems that when Miss Deyo was wandering about for miles and miles on foot with the man she meant to marry, and seeking for somebody to pronounce the ceremony, she met an aged colored woman. This woman was, as it happened, a relative of the prospective husband.
"Miss," said the old woman, "don't you go an' do it. Listen to Wesley's old aunty. There's a heap of trouble for married folk always anyway, but if you does this there'll be nothing but

trouble for you all your days." But the girl was set on the marriage, much more so than the man. They tramped for miles and miles, rebuffed by this clergyman and that, expelled from the office of a Justice of the Peace, and finally accomplishing their purpose at the house of an aged clergyman, who had no sort of idea at the time of the ceremony that he was marrying a white woman of good social standing to one of the Lapello negroes,

There is still some mystery about it all. The girl insists, and did to the writer, that she married the man of her choice and that she will stick to him; but it is evident that there are some reasons, not connected with the man, which induced her to do as she has done. When seen

reasons, not connected with the man, which induced her to do as she has done. When seen yesterday, in the midst of the most avpallingly abject surroundings, she seemed not only contented, but also unwilling to listen to any suggestions of qulitting the piace.

She was brought up in a roomy farmhouse in New Paltz. Heradopted father, who is also her uncle by marriage, stands as well as any one in the consmunity. He is rich—at least, rich in comparison with his neighbors. She was educated even better thun her mates. She had, to all appearances, a pleasant home, and this is the picture of her present place of abode, as seen yesterday by the writer. Away back ten miles from Kingston, on the mountains, is a little settlement—a cluster of hovels and log cabins. The place would be lonesome in summer: in the chilliness of fall it was most dismal and dreary. Negroes occupy these hovels, except that one house better than all the rest is the home of the superintendent of a stone quarry. The cleared spaces are stony. Nothing but plantain and weeds, and here and there a cabbage, appear to thrive on the soil. The nearest church is miles away, and a low stone shanty is used for a schoolbruse and occasional negro preaching of a Sunday. Absolute chilly isolation is entailed on every one who dwells there, excepting the sorry intercourse they have with each other. One of these hoveds is built on the side of a stony ledge. That made a basement possible for a story-and-a-half superstructure, and it is to this damp, dark basement that this girl has gone for a home. One window lets in not only light, but air, for the glass is nearly all gone. But if it was dreary outside, the most dismal prison could not be more gloomy than the single room. There was a cook stove with spinting were all the other turbulars of this place. The floor was of stone, the walls were of stone, and it was to such a place that a girl who had been prought up in one of the neatest, cosiest places, who had a plano and books and newspapers, had come to live. The basement was entirely deserted; but a colored boy, who stood with great, staring eyes as the writer looked in, said that Mr. Sampson had gone to a funeral with his wife. The funeral was that of a colored boby, and the screams and wails of the negroes were heard a long way from the schoolhouse. The services were over just as I approached. Sampson, the husband, came out when I asked for him. He is a small man, and seems to be less than 20 years old. His complexion is copper-colored, and he seems to be a good-natured, easy-going fellow. His lips are as thick and his nose as pronounced as that of a full-blooded African.

"Have you any intimation of legal proceedings?" the writer asked.

Instantly all the colored people ceased their mourning, even leaving the white sexton to attend to the little coffin alone, and crowded around me. Some of those men would not be pleasant people to meet if they were ugly, and it might have lared hard with me if I proved to be what they suspected I was—an officer come to arrest Sampson.

"What can they do?" Sampson answered. I married her. They can't separate us in that way. If they want me they need it send an officer here: I'ligo right to Kingston and give myself up."

Just then there came from the schoolhouse a lot of negro women, and with them one white girl. She was willing.

swaying it in her arms. Suidenly her eye fell on me, and the expression that came over her face seemed flerce almost. She too, suspected that I was an officer. She put the baby into the arms of an old negress, and lost no time in taking her piace by her husband's side, and did so with a ceflant look. She was clad in a dark dress, over which was drawn a blue snitted shawl, neatly pinned at the throat, and she had a decidedly jaunty-looking hat on her head. She is larger than the man she is married to, and is well formed. Her face is rather piezeing, the eyes reddish-brown and large, the forehead low, and the features regular. She seemed to have an abundance of dark-brown hair, loos-iy gathered logether at the back of the head. "Go away, Carrie," Sampson said hastily, "the man's all right."

"If you come from John Deyo her adopted fatherly on have come on a useless errand," she continued.
"It is true that you bleskened your fees with

continued.

Is it true that you blackened your face with burnt cork before you could get a minister to marry you?"
What difference does it make? If I did it, I did it knowing what I was doing. If I smeared my face with green that don't break a marriage, dearly in the control of the contro

es it?"
"But it is said there was fraud perpetrated?"
"Who says so? That is one of John Dave's Who says so? That is one of John Deyo's lies. How could there be any fraud? I did it of my own free will, and I am content. They can't take me away. They can't break this marriage. I have my certificate, and I sent a copy of it to John Deyo. Ho'll see that I am

copy of it to John Deso. He'll see that I am married?"

"How long have you been married?"

"Five weeks, and I am not sorry a bit. John Deyo has been telling lies about me. He has been trying to frighten my husband and me. He wants to get me away from my husband, and to send me to Cincinnati to boarding school. But he can't do it. I am just as well capable of taking care of myseif as he is. I know precise, what I am about and even if I am only 19, still, as I got married, he can't break it. That was wan't leat my certificate all in good order, and got it framed.

"It is said that you charge your adopted father with ill freatment."

shift, as I got married, he can't break it. That was win't port my certificate all in good order, and got it framed.

"It's true, My lawyer, Mr. Brinnier, knows it. But the can nover put up on to doors again, hor abuse me as he has done. I've got some one to protect me now."

When asked for the particulars of the elopement and the attempt to got a elevaryman to marry her, she said with decided win that that when he was the base but her own, but she does it said to does a cleraryman to marry her, she said with decided win that that when he was she has done. I've got some one to protect me now."

When asked for the particulars of the elopement and the attempt to got a elevaryman to marry her, she said with decided win that that when he was speaking. He would look at her closely, and, when she finished, would look at her closely, and, when she finished, would look at a law to be suffered to them."

Sampson had stood by listening attentively, while his wife was speaking. He would look at the closely, and, when she finished, would link at the closely, and, when she finished, would link at the closely, and, when she finished, would link at the first own of the close what effoct her rowners are to some him to be a lean, and just as soon as I can be stood him by the arm and led him away, and I saw them going up the stony rood arm in arm, she seemingly in earnest conversation, her him shael the only but of brightness in the dream's finded sequences. The picture seemed to affect the white squeen has been conversation, her him shael the only but of brightness in the dream's finded sequences. The picture seemed to affect the white squeen has been a law to be continued to a state of the same and the same and in a state of the same and the same and in a state of the same and the same and in a state of the same and the same and in a state of the same and the same and the same and in a state of the same and the same was fised. One day it has been and the same and the same was

From the British Medical Journal

A Hols vin persons, uninstructed in micro-